CHILD GENIUSES of WASHINGTON

Talented little folk who are expert dancers, impersonators & musicians.

"INFANT prodigies" seem to abound in the Capital City. There are children singers, dancers, impersonators, musicians, and entertainers who are quite as talented as some of the professionals of a larger growth. Who some of these little folk are and just what they can do is told in the following article:

AMERICA, because of her mixed races, her excitable, nervous, high strung people, has produced an astonishing number of child geniuses in the short life of the republic. Washington is not behind other cities in this regard and a long list of notable actors, musicians and artists who began to be famous as children in the Capital City is chalked up to her credit.

In fact, the culture of the city is best exemplified in the talented children who render entertainments here enjoyable occasions. In several instances the work of these youngsters has been so pronouncedly good that they have been invited to enter professional work. At least one youngster, David Kindleberger, is a master musician.

The charm of the child genius is in his or her unconsciousness. When this is lost and the child becomes blase then the grace is gone. When the child merges into the self-conscious actor, a sense of unpleasantness succeeds. To the credit of the teachers and guardians of Washington talented little folk, they fortunately lack this. Anyone who has attended the amateur performances that each spring make our Washington theater an elfin land, can not forget how charmingly free from self-consciousness the little ones appear.

Trio of Talented Children.

Three of the most talented children in Washington are the children of David Kindleberger, of the Riggs Bank. His oldest boy, David, is a pianist of merit, in fact a boy Paderewski. Before he was fifteen years old his fine playing at a club social in Baltimore won him the unusual honor of a scholarship from the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, one of the leading musical schools of the South. It is said that his command of technique is marvelous and the Peabody professor and other musical authorities of Baltimore and Washington unite in prophesying a wonderful future as maestro for this sixteen-year-old lad.

David Kindleberger is a composer of no mean merit. Several of his musical fancies are noteworthy, especially a pathetic creation which he entitles simply, "A Lullaby in A Flat." Before he was twelve years old he was composing dainty little bits for the piano, when his tiny fingers could hardly stretch the octaves.

His debut as a pianist was made last year at Rauscher's, before a distinguished audience that completely filled the large hall. In the audience were society folk, diplomats, the leading musical talent of the city, and a goodly aggregation of critics.

For over three hours this sixteen-year-old boy entertained that discerning audience with his genius. His concert ranks as one of the events of last year's musical season. A mere boy in appearance, he showed self-possession and a delightful absorption in his work. He played as easily as if in his own parlor and modestly retired after each ovation. Everything was played from memory and his program showed his versatility and the breadth of his ability. A special feature of his performance was his skill as an accompanist—rather an unusual thing in a piano soloist.

Wrestler, as Well.

David is every inch a boy and is a handsome blond fellow, eager, after practice hours, to join in boyish sports and pleasures. He enjoys splendid health and was known as one of the best amateur wrestlers in the District. While in the Y. M. C. A work, he threw many older men than himself who met him on the mat. He has been obliged to give up his wrestling, but he is still active in gymnastic sports. His success has not spoiled him and he practices like a Trojan, hour after hour, believing with his teachers that practice will make perfect his art. His next recital will be given in March, at the Columbia Theater, where he will be assisted by Miss Francesca Kaspar, Washington's sweet soprano who, in years, is hardly more than a child herself.

After David, the next child is Karl, who also inherits from a musical father a wonderful talent for the violin. His constant study should make him proficient with this instrument. Besides his assiduous study of the violin, Karl has the duties of a page of the United States Supreme Court to attend to. He was appointed after a term as page in the United States Senate. A lovable child, he was a great favorite with the statesmen, and it is said he is alreday in the good graces of the justices. It is not decided as yet whether he will adopt a musical talent, although his talent would certainly warrant such a course.

Twelve-Year-Old Artist.

Pauline Kindleberger, the twelve-year-old daughter, a blonde, is also a genius, in that she is a splendid artist, and from babyhood has been creating pictures and coloring with all the skill of the adult artist. Perception and finesse in feeling make her pictures really wonderful works for her age, and her proud parents are encouraging this taste in her. She comes rightly by it, for her grandfather, Dr. Kindleberger, of the United States Navy, is a painter of Northern sea scenes and other marine pictures that have won him favorable criticism from the critics. He is a Norwegian by birth, and has portrayed on canvases some of the weird wildness and beauty of the Northern waters.

Dutch visitors to the court of Queen Caroline, after hearing singing boys of the Chapel Royal, returned to the Netherlands and said the most wonderful thing they saw or heard in England was the singing of these boys.

"They sing with the voices of angels," said one of the Mynheers. History has repeated this verdict of the boy voice when properly trained. The boy soprano by many is considered the sweetest voice known to man, woman soprano. The soloists of two of the finest churches here—St. John's and St. Paul's Episcopal churches—have voices of rare beauty. Herbert Darrow, who sings the solos at St. John's Church, has a voice of wonderful strength and timber. It has all the quality and flexibility of a women's soprano, with the added grace of the passionless soul of the child. In the solo work he takes all the difficult parts, and many will not believe it is a boy who is singing the arias and solos of the oratorios and anthems.

Young Darrow was born in Alabama, thirteen years ago, and though at the age when the boy voice usually breaks, his has shown no signs of failure as yet. He is thoroughly in love with his singing, and spends long hours in practicing his solos. His first church work was in St. John's Church, Savannah, Ga. He is the son of William B. Darrow, assistant superintendent of transportation in the Southern railroad.

Darrow is studying under H. H. Freeman, organist of St. John's, and expects to adopt music for a profession if his voice remains as good after the break and change come. He is a handsome boy of average height and build. At a recent organ recital, given by Mr. Freeman, he was the soloist, and his beautiful phrasing and expression won him the sincere praise of his auditors.

The boy choir of St. Paul's Church is the oldest in the District, and has numbered many famous boy soloists in its day. To the musical part of the worship, especial attention has been paid, and the music is of a high grade. It is rendered entirely by boy voices.

The Rev. Alfred Harding, rector of St. Paul's, himself is a musician of high order, and believes that beautiful music will do much to bring the mind into a devotional frame.

Roswell Boothby's Gift.

The present principal soprano soloist in the church is Rothwell Bothby, a choir boy who has had long training, and who knows the whole ritual by heart, and is familiar with music of the spiritual sort. His voice is of a mezzo-soprano quality, and his expression unusual. He, too, is looking forward to a musical career if the man's voice equals the boy's, and is certain to attain success, for he has the personal qualities of industry and genius that win.

Another boy genius, though of quite another order, is Irwin Cosgrove, whose fame as an impersonator has gone beyond the limits of the District. He is really to be ranked with little Elsie Janis as an imitator of the leading actors and actresses of the day. His most notable imitation is that of George M. Cohan, in "Yankee Doodle Boy," in which he equals, if not surpasses, the original. Natural aptitude for impersonation led him into the work when he was a boy of but ten or eleven.

He was sent to dancing school, where he was trained to make the most of his talent. A Washington boy, he attends the public schools here, and is entirely a local product. He is now in his fourteenth year, and has been doing his clever "stunts" for nearly seven years. No child entertainment is considered complete without the boy actor, and the vaudeville of the Festival of Nations at Rauscher's, last year, scored him one of his greatest hits, where he was decidedly the "star" of the evening. A semi-professional, it is expected that he will eventually adopt the stage as a profession. At present he is hard at work on his school books, and intends to get a good education before he embarks on the life of the stage. He has two little sisters who play a close second to him as child actors.

Besides impersonating, young Cosgrove is exceedingly clever as a song and dance artist.

Another clever youngster is young Frank Beatty, son of Captain Beatty of the Navy Yard, and whose dancing is marvelous for a boy. Beatty is apt in his costuming, and nothing pleases him half so much as to play several roles in an evening. A good-looking, many fellow, he wins instant admiration by his boyish grace and agility. With him dancing is merely incidental to his school duties, and it is said that his absorbing ambition is to be a sailor like his father and command a big battleship.

A Baby Toe Dancer.

One of the prettiest, most graceful dancers in Washington is a mere tot of seven years, little Adrienne Shreve, who is a veritable fairy on her feet. Little Adrienne has been dancing in public ever since she was four years old, and has wonderful self-possession now. She is a dainty little thing, and sings songs in a childish treble, very sweet and clear. In various May balls and entertainments she has won applause by her cunning work and practices faithfully to please with her art, which is not inconsiderable. Difficult steps and dances she masters better than many an older child, and while she can hardly read words of more than one syllable, still, she has an extensive repertoire of songs and dances at her command.

She is the daughter of a prominent lawyer here, and has received great praise in all of her recitals and pas seul acts. Some of her work is toe dancing, which is very hard for so young a child. Brown eyes with fair hair make a striking combination as dances. She expects to make acting her profession.

Another exceedingly good dancer, especially in character, is Adelle Robinson who led the Indian dance at the little play of Miss Hawke's several weeks ago. Unlike the other girls mentioned, little Miss Robinson, who in the country. The difficult art she has completely mastered, and is known as a premier in fairy ballets. She is a beautifully formed child, grace and music from her head to heels, yet is only in her eleventh year. She has a very sweet voice and sings as well is twelve years old, is a brunette, and her dark beauty contrasts splendidly with the blond beauty of the other dancers.

Dancing and elocution teachers here claim that the younger the child is sent to them, the more chance they have of developing innate genius for these arts in their highest degree. For the years between four and ten are the plastic years, and the voice and other parts of the body can be trained to a perfection that cannot be obtained in after years.

Every generation has its quota of child geniuses, and now and then out of this quota arises the star that will by and by shine for the world, and for all manner of men and women. Perhaps in some Washington talented child there is a nebulous world leader in music, or in the mighty gift of oratory.

LEAH RABBITT, DANCER AND RECITER.

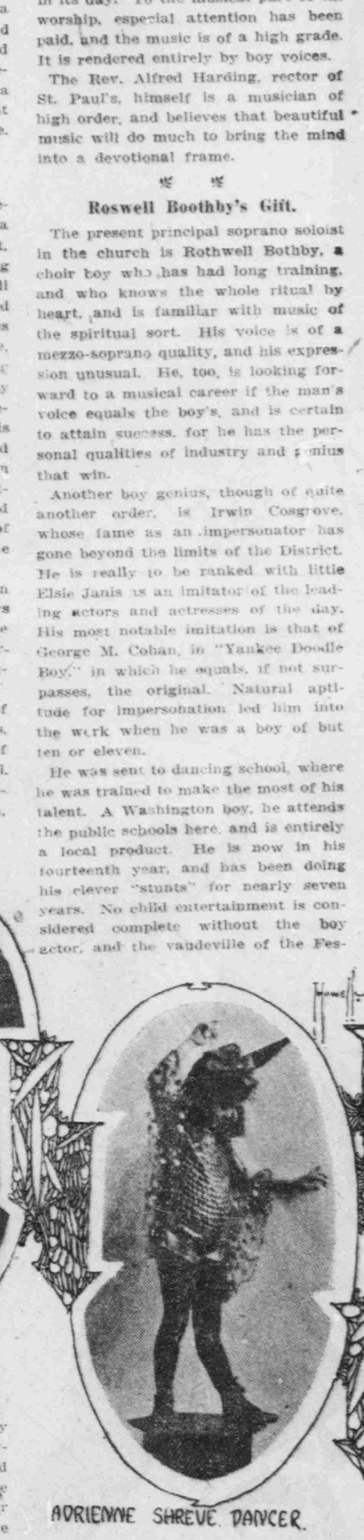
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARRIS & EWING, WASH. D.C.
HERBERT DAVISON, SOLOIST OF ST JOHN'S CHURCH.

ELIZABETH FORNEY, DANCER.

MARGERY MOCK, DANCER.

IRWIN COSGROVE, IMPERSONATOR.

DAVID KINDLEBERGER, PIANIST.



ADRIENNE SHREVE, DANCER.

ROSWELL BOOTHBY, SOLOIST, ST PATRICK'S CHURCH.

KARL KINDLEBERGER VIOLINIST

The Jewish Problem

THE Jewish problem is beginning to solve itself. The practicality of Zionism is to all indications still far distant; but those who treat the Jewish problem as an economic one, are already seeing results. Then let the Zionists colonies grow!

The Jewish colony which was started near Ashley, N. D., in September, 1905, is prospering wonderfully. At that time twelve families moved to the colony, and since then it has grown rapidly. There are now thirty-two Minneapolis families there who have taken homesteads. They are proving daily that the Jews make as good farmers as students; vindicating that they are willing workers, and many of them would have long been "tillers of the soil" had they but had the opportunity.

Louis Wolfson and Isidor Auerbach were sent to New York city as delegates from this colony, in order to obtain aid from the Jewish and Industrial Aid Society, whose headquarters are there.

They remained there three weeks negotiating with the business committee and are to be congratulated on their success. They obtained $27,000 to help the colony and the settlers.

Last spring they found it difficult to break in the land, for they were hampered, not having sufficient machinery and horses. But next spring they will be fully equipped.

They have a Shochet there, and services were held during the holidays last fall.

Louis Wolfson says: "I, without help of any kind, broke in twenty-six acres of land, built a shack 11x34, consisting of two rooms, a barn 26x29, fenced in a pasture of 44 acres, built a chicken coop 8x8, raised 200 chickens, dug a well 34 feet deep, besides caring for four cows and 14 head of cattle.

"What I have done does not compare to what some of the others have accomplished, and, moreover, there is not one of them but who is an industrious and earnest worker.

"On account of the severe weather, they have suffered from lack of fuel and fodder for the cattle. Otherwise they have had sufficient provisions."

Similar colonies have been started in Canada, Wisconsin, and in North and South Dakota. At present there are about 1,060 Jewish farmers in the United States. Many of the Jews who are packed into the New York ghetto are beginning to stir. They expressed their intentions of coming out West and settling on homesteads.

Indians Made None Of the High Mounds

THAT the Indian mounds out the western part of the Central States were not made by Indians, as believed by many historians and archeologists, but by the action of the wind, and that no Indian of the past 300 years ever made a flinthead arrow, is the statement of Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a full-blooded Sioux Indian, who was educated in the East and who is now engaged by the Government in South Dakota in giving more euphonious and respectable names to the Indians than the wicked ones many of them have been claiming for years.

He advances the theory which goes far toward proving the accuracy of his claim, and says that in all the years of his early life, which was lived among the wild tribes of the West, did he ever hear a word used which would indicate a flinthead arrow. Neither has he ever seen nor heard of any Indian who ever knew of one of his kind making an arrow from flint rock. The Sioux have no traditions upon the subject of flint arrowheads.

Universally, among the Western tribes, the flint-head arrow was called "mysterious arrow," or "the devil's arow," and, when shot, would not sail well nor would it penetrate the thick, hairy sides of the buffalo or bear. There is a large deposit of flint rock in South Dakota, but the Indians had no tools sufficiently tempered to work the rock. When any of their flints were lost they procured others from white traders.

As to the origin of the so-called Indian mounds, Dr. Eastman refers to the one at Redfield, S. D., which has been famous over the country for its size and age. He says that, according to Sioux traditions, a mighty battle was fought there or near the present site of Redfield many decades ago, and that the bodies of the dead were left on the spot with a slight covering of earth. Then the wind drifted sand and loose dirt against the slight mounds, and thus bit by bit the mighty mound of the present day was formed. But no Indian hand was used to aid in fashioning its grotesque lines and forms.

Dr. Eastman is preparing a book upon the traditions of the Sioux Indians. In it will be narrated all the peculiar traits cherished by the various Western tribes of the continent. Among these none is more interesting than the almost universal superstition held by the Indians in regard to the Black hills, S. D., now famous for their deposits of gold and silver.

The Indians of the plains believe that the Great Spirit sits enthroned under some one of the lofty peaks there, who, in his angry moods, shoots forth tongues of lightning, forked and crooked, and hurls out thunderbolts from his abiding place, the latter sometimes accompanied by violent wind, which, they believe, the Great Spirit has stored up in some of the rock-ribbed crevices of the tree-covered hills and peaks.

It is well known among the settlers of the West that no Indian was ever seen camping alone in the Black hills, and all the tribes seemed to prefer hunting along the foothills and over the bad lands than enter the enchanted canyons and winding valleys of the Black hills. The great spirit, they hold, causes the terrible electrical storms for which the Black hills are famous that come tearing down, twisting, splintering and sweeping to earth and leveling huge monarchs of the forest upon the mountainside. It is not surprising, in view of this superstitution, that the tribes have given the Black hills a wide berth.

Even today travel through the bad lands is not without some peril on account of the drinking water. The red men hold that there was once a deity who walked over the rough land, and that wherever he stepped the water from that spot was highly charged with lye and thus rendered unfit for drinking purposes. A large quantity of the water from the pools in the Black hills, if taken into the stomach, will prove fatal. The great quantity of bones, shells and prehistoric relics to be found in the bad lands are held in reverence by the red men. They believe, and one must give them credit for their logical reasoning, that the region is the result of some God-given curse, the deity causing the whole country to be swept by fire, withering and smothering and consuming everything in the path, both animate and inanimate.

Centennial Year of Savings Banks

THIS is the centennial year of the savings banks. In 100 years a system has been built up that throughout the world is notable for stability and conservatism.

At the same time the savings bank is very much in current discussions. A proposition, the outgrowth of Louis D. Brandeis' investigations, has appeared to increase its usefulness by giving the privilege of using its economical facilities for issuing life insurance in small amounts—somewhat in line with the suggestion in Governor Guild's inaugural.

"There's a reason," as the advertising men say, why the plan of permitting the savings banks of the Bay State to establish departments of industrial insurance has already gained a large and influential following. There's a bit of history in this connection of a character to confirm belief in the honesty of average mankind. No great chance for muckraking, though there were some mistakes and a few frauds in the early days.

Still, when you go back into savings bank history you find mainly various worthy schemes of worthy people for promoting the welfare of the needy through organized savings. The Duke of Wellington once said, when some one proposed a savings bank plan for the British army, that if Tommy Atkins had money to spare it was time to reduce his pay.

But that was not the sentiment of advanced people of his day. When you look back into the beginnings of the savings banks you get into the story of the humanitarian efforts of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England. You discover the theories of the learned Jeremy Bentham and the practical experiments of the Rev. Joseph Smith, who, in 1798, with the support of two wealthy parishioners of Wendover, started a system of receiving from members of his congregation any sum from twopence up, to be returned at Christmas with one-third of the whole added as interest.

You find Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield starting in 1799, her famous scheme for the benefit of women and children in the village of Tottenham, which was afterward organized under the name of the Charitable Bank. Above all, just 100 years ago this winter, the whole plan of the modern savings bank was outlined in a speech in the house of commons by a Mr. Whitbread.

So it may fairly be said that this is the centennial year of the savings bank. Mr. Whitbread's clear-sighted formulation began the system of which we know.

Again, America was not far behind England in the development of the beneficent scheme. If 1907 marks the one hundredth anniversary of modern savings, it is also the ninetieth anniversary of the opening for business of the earliest American savings bank. The Provident Institution for Savings, Boston, was incorporated December 13, 1816, and began to receive accounts a few weeks later.

From then on you discover an interesting story of the devotion and self-sacrifice by busy Americans, who have voluntarily taken charge of funds which they have, save in the most exceptional instances, regarded as a trust rather than as an investment. In one of the first advertisements of the Provident Institution for Savings it is stated: "The trustees will take no emolument or pay for their services, having undertaken solely to promote the interest of the city and of the persons above described who may put their money therein."

That was the spirit actuating the first officers of the new company, who were William Phillips, lieutenant governor, president; James Prince, United States marshal, treasurer, and James Savage, lawyer, secretary. That, too, has been the prevailing spirit in savings bank management down to this day.

After the immediate success of the first was assured, numerous other institutions of the same kind were started in New England. Most of these have continued in their honorable career down to this time.